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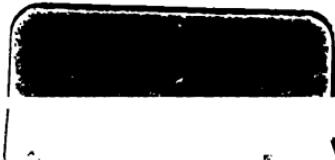
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“I TOO.”

“I T O O”

BY



B E E L Z E B U B.

Pict. by

“Sooner that hero's sword the world had quell'd
Than reason his ambition.”

L O N D O N :
E. T O W N S E N D H A M B L I N,
421, OXFORD STREET.

M D C C C O L V I .

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**TUCKER AND CO., PRINTERS,
PERRY'S PLACE, OXFORD STREET.**

To WILLIAM REA, Esq.,

WHOSE GENERAL TASTE AND JUDGMENT, AND WHOSE TALENTS
AND ATTAINMENTS, AS A MUSICAL SCHOLAR, I, WITH SO
MANY OTHERS, HAVE LONG ADMIRED; AND WHOSE
INTIMATE FRIENDSHIP, I, WITH A FEWER
NUMBER, HAVE, FOR MANY YEARS,
ENJOYED,

THIS VOLUME IS DEDICATED.

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BEELZEBUB AND THE *PRINTER'S DEVIL*;
OR,
L'AVANT PROPOS.

“BUT why call yourself Beelzebub? why call your book ‘I too’? and, between ourselves, what is your motive in publishing?”

“Listen, imp. Although I am now—er—that is to say—you see, I was, once, that, in the streets of London, which—no matter; an acquaintance pushed me aside, saying: ‘Get out of the way, Satan!’ alluding to a peculiar kind of shoe, which I was wearing, on account of a hurt, and which gave me the appearance of having a club-foot. Satan became my name for a time, but was,

afterwards, changed to Beelzebub. As Beelzebub, and Beelzebub only, was I known for many years, and—*voilà, mon nom de plume!*”

“Hum, I see.”

“As regards the title of my book.—I was, a short time ago, thinking about the sayings, exclamations, *et cetera*, of embryo or immature genius: ‘*et moi aussi, je suis grand peintre!*’ ‘*I too* can scrawl!’ and so forth. It seemed to me that almost all the first outbursts of aspiration might be resolved into the egotistical ‘*I too*,’ and ‘*I too*’ remained so long in my mind, that, at last, it struck me as being a good title for a volume of poetry; so, finding the very words, underlined, in the first poem in my collection, I named the poem from the words and the book after the poem, and—*c'est tout dit.*”

“But, my dear sir, you——”

“ My motive in publishing.—Ahem ! you see, it is absurd for a clever man to hide his light under a bushel. Now, I never, but twice, while reciting my poetry, *caught* my friends gaping ; and never, but once, while emphasizing a favourite passage, *knew* an insolent puppy to distract the attention of others, by purposely whispering it away to another topic ; and, so, I conclude that *I* am clever. In fact, *I am* clever : no doubt of it : my mother——”

[*Exit Printer's Devil, muttering something about “fools rushing in where angels fear to tread.”*]

“I T O O,”

OR

Alexander at the Tomb of Achilles.

INTESTINE feuds were o'er. Rebellion slept
With the Athenian orator. Greece cried,
“Revenge on Asia!” Alexander's troops
Swept, like a plague, across the rapid stream
Of the broad Bosphorus:—and not a breath
That skimmed its surface, t'ward the farther shore,
Chasing the flying foam, but told of death.

Lone, on a spot to Pallas sacred, stood
Her storied fane: and, near, renowned chiefs,

Whose arms bedecked its still interior,
To earth were gathered. O'er Achilles' tomb
The future lord of half the then-known world
Bent, ruminating. Round, his retinue
Pressed, close as sorrow, all obsequiousness ;
While the gay shadows of his crested helm,
Now pendent from his hand, in mockery,
Danced o'er the carved commemorative stone.

“ How are the mighty fallen ! ” said the Prince,
“ How are the mighty fallen ! ”—and the tear
Of sympathy would fain have forced its way
From his o'erburdened eyelids,—but 'twas checked,
And back retreated to the briny source
Whence it had come, leaving a lowering air
Of thoughtfulness upon his unhelmed brow.
Amazement at the incident had seized
His followers. They looked inquiringly
Into his altered countenance ; while he,
Big with the glory of another's deeds,
His sword-hilt touched instinctively ; then paused,
As if in meditation.—Suddenly,
He raised his head ; replaced his casque ; and, at

A given sign, the silent train departed,
And left him there, alone, to moralize.

He sat upon the sepulchre, and, ere
Their last faint foot-tramp, indistinct, was heard,
Amid the buzzing from the distant camp,
Forgot the hour—the place—and e'en himself.

His head was on his hand ; his restless eye—
Which oft, on the red brink of martial fate,
Flashed victory, to make men's courage dare
The dizzy heights of rashness—became fixed
Upon the turf ; where he, in fancy, saw
The faded ermine and the crumbled toys
Of many a useless great one, long since gone ;
While, as from wise reflection to allure,
The kissing breeze came from the Hellespont,
Whispering strifeful stories,—wooing him
To wed Bellona.

There are seasons when
Wan disappointment not unkindly cometh
To human hearts : 'tis when philosophy
Hath clipped ambition's wings : it is when light—
Sweet harbinger of truth !—hath drawn aside

The veil which hid from us reality :
When Hope builds higher than her wont, and when
Merit can view Fame's flight, and reckon her
Light as a feather, and as valueless :—
Wafted by noisy breath round the big world,
Or stopped, as gay she goes careering on
In her swift course, by some contingency,
To fall, perchance, for ever,—or, to rise
And sing when the poor subject of her song
Hath left the tiring contest for renown,
And its rude clamours, to some new-born age.

Day was declining. Round him such a scene
As poets image of an autumn eve,
In varied, wide, deep, solemn grandeur glowed.
Apollo's finest touch had spread rich tints
O'er the departing picture ; and he flushed
With angry crimson, as encroaching night
Threw shadows o'er the nobly finished work.

Soon, insect-worlds had ceased their gauzy hum,
And sought protection from the chill of night
In the close shrubbery, beneath the eaves
Of cottages, or where the thickset hedge

Offered its brown leaf's tiny canopy ;
And simple flowers, from their wavy sport
O'er hillocks green of death-enshrining earth,
Drooped into slumber. E'en the moon's meek ray,
At times, its watch o'er the grave-ground forsook ;
And nought seemed waking 'neath the welkin's arch,
Save, that in some deep, unfrequented dell,
Sad Philomela sang her lullaby.
Then, as the quiet stole upon his heart,
In pensive mood, thus he soliloquized :

“ Here, giant spirits oft have proudly trod,—
Fierce in the onslaught or in conquest cold ;
Here Trojans trembled at their Hector's nod,
Or mad Cassandra Ilium's fate foretold.

“ Here, from her distant turrets, the red blaze
Of watch-fires, oft, some guiding gleam hath cast
T'ward friends or foes, aroused in glad amaze,
At night, by martial signals on the blast.

“ But ah, how changed ! the child of contest sleeps
Beneath his cold tomb's marble covering !
And the soft beauty now no longer weeps—
No longer near his grave is hovering !

“ Here, in these dismal chambers of the dead,
Full many a warrior-chief hath laid him down
To sleep his cares away—to rest his head
In quietude secure from battle’s frown !

“ No shadowy towers—no flaming brands appear
To ambushed Greek or citizen of Troy ;
No bloody onset fills the gods with fear ;
No noisy revelries the hours employ.

“ Time hath sped on ; and Ida’s summit sees
No goddesses convoked ; Scamander’s ~~stream wane~~ /
Rolls on through desolation :—Jove’s decrees
Seem ratified by ruin and the grave.

“ And thus earth’s glories ever pass away,
Like sparkling dew, or floating mists of morn ;
Or as, by growing light’s more certain ray
Compelled, depart the lingering shades of dawn.

“ Fame ! art *thou* mortal ?—Yes, *thou* too must die !
Time takes *thee* in his withering embrace :—
The boasted palm and olive-wreath shall lie
Reeking ’neath victors in their resting-place.

“ Yon towering fane, e'en now the honoured shrine
Of wisdom's valiant goddess—suitable
To such a scene—shall have its strength decline
E'en as a mortal's!—all is mutable !

“ And rust or dust-dimmed trophies—which have hung
For ages round its consecrated walls,
Since 'mid the ruthless conflict they were flung—
Shall rot beneath its ruins when it falls.”

And so he mused, as might some peaceful sage.
But, ah ! though quick, when disappointment comes,
To moralise, how slow to mend is man !
How vanishing his wisdom ! sensitive
To Folly's touch, he bows whene'er she bids,
And breaks, at every breath, his best resolves.

The Stagirite had fed the prince's soul
With stories of rough battle and brave deeds ;
And Cynthia, now, pale as when she slew,
From cloudy battlements, the children fair
Of Niobe, with sudden light, revealing,
Beside him, on the tomb, the wondrous scroll
Of blind Meonides—awhile forgot,

Though with him ever—his rekindling thought,
 No longer awed to peace, recalled the tale
 Which from its ~~magic~~ ^{thrilling} pages he had learnt.— *thrilling*
 He drew his blade and viewed it wistfully *foreans*)
 As though it were the mirror of his fate;
 Then, pointing it to heaven, as he rose,
 Muttered strange oaths, as deep as they were still,
 And, striding t'ward his long-left tent, exclaimed :

“ Why do I loiter here? what spell
 Hath bound me to this narrow cell?—
 Fools only sigh o'er ills *to be*!
 The wise seek present victory!—
 Oh, Athens! Athens! could'st thou know
 How much I'd dare, how much forego,
 But to be praised by Thee!
 Though life's a dream, and hope a cheat—
 Though joys of sense are self-deceit,
 And honour, glory, wealth, and power
 But vexing toys of one vain hour,—
I too, until the crack of doom,
 Will pass, a meteor, 'mid the gloom
 Of human misery!”

He reached his tent, where many a mighty soul,
In manly form, at midnight cups reclined.
He drank, and with intoxicating draughts
Was drunken—slept, and dreamed of winning worlds !

WHAT IS A SIGH?

‘WHAT is a sigh?’—A sunny thought
Of childhood, clouded by a care ;
A hope to disappointment wrought ;
A lover’s wish ; a sinner’s prayer ;
Man’s heritage ; an inward fight,
Prolonged beyond the spirit’s power ;
A breath which bears the soul to light,
When sadly closes life’s dark hour !

THE POET'S PRAYER.

THE gloom still gathered, rolling heavily
From the horizon, to enclose a scene
Of elemental conflict. Mothers, warned,
Had timely caught their heedless infants up,
To bear them beneath shelter. Bird and beast
Were gone, or motionless;—and all was hushed,
Save when large rain-drops broke each sullen pause.

To feed his spirit at its wonted source,
They saw the poet, upon mountain-tracks,
Go forth, in raptures with the coming storm,
And ever—as rude steeps he climb, or swept
Across some daisy-dappled plot, as though
His feet pursued the thoughts which bore him thus
From late reproach for lack of veneration—
Renew a fervid struggle.

Strong and safe

In his temerity, awhile he gained
Upon his purpose. Lightnings ripped the womb
Of rock-ribbed teeming matter, and he scarce
Deigned e'en to wonder;—Nature groaned out grief
In thunders, and—he smiled; till, lost to care,
On the high jutting of a craggy rock
A maddening moment, glorying, he stood,
Then—vanished 'mid the fury!

* * * * *

All was o'er;

And gorgeous hues were stretched along the verge
Where golden fleeces, following the sun,
Floated to rest; while myriads of gems,
Whose fair existence was his sudden, last
Creative triumph, sparkled on each rock,
Or tree, or hedgerow, and the freshening breeze,
With its small prattling voice, came stealing on
Like a coy child, who longs but to approach,
Yet hesitates.

And now, with measured steps,
On, halting, meditative, t'ward the vales

The bard returned ;—proud being ! born to brave
The rudest shocks of trouble, and secure
A larger share than common of deep joy,
Soul-felt, refined, serene,—to lift the shroud
Which selfishness hath cast o'er kindly things,
And show their beauty ; nor allow fooled man,
Amid pursuits most maddening, to forget
His origin and destiny ;—a world
Mysterious, but beautiful, to which
This is the portal.

Near the leafy goal
Of his long, weary, tortuous descent,
A hermitage,—long sacred to romance
And all its deeds or dreams of good and ill—
At a green angle, suddenly disclosed,
Surprised him into prayer ; and, on a spot
Where knaves once laboured for the fool's applause,
Before its simple altar, thus he prayed :

“ Maker of heaven, and earth, and all
That in them is, whose thunder-call
We list with dread delight—whose power
And goodness guard us in the hour
Of danger—

If, erring, I have seemed to dare
A frowning Providence, forbear
My punishment, and teach me till
I'm to no feature of Thy will
A stranger.

“ When in the floweret's hue, or form,
I beauty find, nor farther see—
When on the grandeur of the storm
I gaze, entranced, forgetting Thee,
Snatch, snatch such bliss away !
And, lest I hate, revile, or spurn
The slave of dogma-doling pride,
Give, with the majesty I'd learn
Of Nature, pity that will chide
Vain anger from its prey.

“ I, prone to scorn all censors say,
And meet their scowls too fiercely, yet
Would, with Thine aid, ere o'er my day
Of pilgrimage death's shadows set,
Some signal raise, to show the track
My spirit followed, journeying back
To Thee above !

But, if Thou wilt deny me fame,
Still, grant, oh, grant a poet's soul !
The towering will ! the tongue of flame !
That I, unknown, a voice may roll
Through thought's calm regions, to proclaim—
Though doubters sneer, and dotards blame—
That some perceive, e'en in the night
Of Folly's reign, and Error's might,
Thou *art* and thou art *love !*"

His prayer was answered. When the winds were loud,
And cold, and clouds were hurried o'er men's heads
In dark confusion ; when the snow-fall veiled
Rich Autumn's fading charms, and busy streets
Gave indications of such pleasing pains
As usher in a Christmas festival,
A strain rang out, which, startling thousands, left
Big expectations, 'mong the thinking few,
Of a new star in the bright firmament
Of intellect—of one whom all would greet
With reverence—whose way the wise would mark
With wonder—whose benignant look would be
A blessing, and whose friendship saints might court,
Deeming it honour ; and, before the stir

And reckless pleasure of that season sank
Into the plodding carefulness which makes
The dull routine of life—a mean, lone room,
'Mid a crammed city, far from wood, or lake,
Or hill, or valley, was the quiet scene
Of his sublime departure.

Though cut off
From social praise, and posthumous repute,
His song was heard ; and, more than satisfied,
He passed, with hope, into a land of peace.

TO A FRIEND,

WHO HAD SAID: " ALL BEAUTY IS IDEAL."

CAN it be so? is beauty but ideal?
A passing fashion? Fancy's vain excess?
A cheat? a mockery? a thing unreal
As a child's dream of future happiness?—
Oh, 'tis not truth! or seems not so to me!...
I hate the cold and melancholy creed!
And these words scarce can pardon, e'en in thee,
Though uttered with thy wonted want of heed!

For thou hast, in thy life's course, seen, in night,
Sublimity; and, in the day's still dawn,
Grandeur; and, in the gathering tempest's might,
Wild mystery; and, on the breeze-fanned lawn,

Softness and grace—seen deep, huge shadows lie
Upon the landscape, while sweet rest was creeping
O'er the sun's realm ; and, marked the love-lit eye
When to the rainbow, from the rose, 'twas sweeping.

And such things—known to thee as drawing out
High hopes of peace on earth, and feelings great
Of kindness to man, and thoughts devout
Of Deity—forbid that thou abate
Aught of thine ardour in their holy cause ;
Or brand thee as a foe to that belief
In Nature's beauty, which, when social laws
Wronged thee, oft gave, through reverence, relief.

THE PAST, THE PRESENT, AND THE FUTURE.

THE voices of past ages, rolling back
In echoes ! Harken, ye who would be free !

“ 'Neath varied gloom, in verdurous bowers, 'mid scenes
Of loftiest grandeur, whose rude borders crowned
A steepy wilderness, where Araby
Is bounded by Euphrates, in old time,
A human pair lived through each smiling day
'Mong flowers and fruits, with health, and harmony,
And godlike thoughts, and angel-visitants.
The woman—'tis an oft-told tale—was *fair*,
Gentle, and grave—a well-belovéd mate.
The man was *great*, in wisdom—not acquired
By precept proud, or slow experience,
But given at the moment when he stood,
A wondering being in a wondrous world,

Just breathed on by his Maker. With each morn,
The winds came, sporting, over floral realms,
Led on by sunbeams; and, at evening, went,
All softness, sighing, near each still retreat,
Low songs to twilight; leaving them unharmed
By damp, or drought, or their unnumbered ills.
In streams, herbs, animals, they found but strength,
Balms, beauty. With majestic brow *he* walked,
The well-obeyed, unrivalled lord of all,
Yet innocent; and calmly talked with God.

“ Why con a mystery? the tempter *is*—
Was powerful. They fell, and peace departed.

“ Death followed crime. The fearful safety sought
In union, till envy goaded all
To hatred; then, were mighty cities raised
Of lawless spoil, and knaves immortalised
By murder; while the artist’s subtlest skill
Had birth of passions,—avarice, or Pride,
Th’ accursed of all curses.

“ Still men longed
Earnestly for repose; and priestcraft feigned

Inquietude's distraction to remove,
Or disgust's lethargy ; yet, promising
Benevolence, gave fury, blood, and fire.

“ Then, simple trust in lasting good was lost ;
Sages foretold it, but the multitude
Heard not, or, hearing, doubted. Doubt deferred
Relief of sickening hearts ; and misery
Left little upon earth save monuments
Of guilt, and mental greatness,—strangely mixed !—
To warn, and cheer, the nations then unborn.”

The shouts of bygone ages, rolling back
In echoes ! Hearken, ye who would be free !

“ Waste not *the present* ! bid the coward croak
Of evil to the tempest ! thrust aside
Such as *will* blind submission ! ye *are* free !
Tyrants are shrinking from the eye of Thought,
And children talk of universal love !
Cæsars abound, who, of all creeds, would make
One peaceful empire ; many a Brutus marks
Their course, with silent joy, or honest care !
And Zoroasters, leaning on the plough,

Fulfil divine legations!—Ye who *teach*,
Forget not, when your occupation's foes—
All, e'en ingratitude—against ye rise,
‘ How great the glory where the strife is hard ! ’
And ye who might *be taught*, and will not, know
That in a little while your sons will pause
Upon the way of truth, where everything
Shall have a meaning, eloquent to all,
And cry: ‘ For freedom's cause, what did our sires ?
Insensible, or selfish, when she came
They hailed her not, though the inspired few
Sang of her advent, while her car was moved
By millions ! ’ And, oh ! think not that your deeds
Will be forgot, in that untravelled land,
Unto belief in which, though wits may sneer,
And priests be worldly, the worn spirit clings—
A last, proud hope ! They have most joy in heaven
Who wrought that mortals might have peace on earth.”

The shouts of bygone ages, rolling back
In echoes ! Harken, ye who would be free !

“ Live with *the future*, all who love to look
On happiness ! Again the scene is changed.

Childhood, which, once, oppressed by fruitless toil,
Or hopeless hunger, crouched in crowded ways,
A squalid, wretched heap, soliciting
The usurer's alms, disturbs the morning dew
With vigorous mirth, on Wisdom waits, at noon,
Or rests, at eve, the germ of manly youth—
Of youthful manhood ! and respected age,
Content to stay, goes, fearless, t'ward the tomb !
Reason and piety no longer jar !
Sorrow hath flown ! philosophy and faith,
Still labouring, bridge the gulf of ignorance !
Humanity is nearer deity,
And kneels but to adore ! while science stoops
To smoothen e'en the humblest paths of life,
And art reanimates that noiseless joy
In beauty, which was deadened by the Fall !”

TO A BALLAD-SINGER.

How dear is thy strain ! yet how deep is the feeling
Of sorrow its melody brings to my heart !
How sad is the truth which each note is revealing,—
‘ With fondest delusions Time dooms us to part.’

In the days of my childhood that lay I oft chanted,
With faith which ne’er faltered in all that it told ;
No cares, in my day-dreams, my spirit then haunted,
Life’s green was unfaded—all glitter was gold.

But gay thoughts are gone, with the artless intentions
Which prompted each act of my earlier years ;
I sigh when pure, past joys fond memory mentions,
And sing but to hide or to stifle my tears.

And, perhaps, *thy* employment, though once thy chief pleasure,

Is harder for thee than the heaviest toil !

For sorrow seems linked with each note thou dost measure,

Each note which was once of a sorrow the foil.

Receive, then, thy pittance, and leave me, I pray thee,

Thy tremulous tones but ill suit a gay song ;

Thy feelings, in spite of thy efforts, betray thee—

Mine tell me that I have been listening too long.

SOCIETY AND SOLITUDE.

ON this green earth—this fleeting paradise,
O'er which, like passing travellers, we gaze,
Then hasten t'ward our homes, grow baneful weeds,—
Want, disappointment, envy, heartlessness—
Bitter and dark, whose spirit-scathing power
Oft blasts great souls resolved on holy deeds,
Or makes them, through unbridled passions, mad.

Much love is needed ; and, if we would share
In life's chief good—the consciousness of *right*,
Springing from human kindness—we must give
Ungrudgingly of gold or counsel ; both,
If much is given unto us, and Worth
Doth want. No earthly happiness we know,

Save by participation ! *Sympathy*
Is the great social bond, not *selfishness*,
On which some, loving novelty, have based
Fantastic systems ! Every nerve must thrill
With indignation at the legal crimes
Of proud oppressors ; every heart must swell
With joy when justice triumphs ; and strong will
Must aid to smooth *their* paths who toil along
Life's byways, bearing fruits and flowers to such
As *have* but *earn not*, ere each man can look
Without a blush or frown upon his brother—
Ere peace can reign, or wise content prevail.

As many sing of roses who ne'er hold
Communion with them, so too many talk
Of woe who heed nor it, nor whom it crushes ;
For they who'd, true to nature, honeyed drops
Of consolation pour into the wounds
Of the racked sufferer—who would join the gay
And innocent in uncorrupting mirth,
Must meet—when summer comes forth with the light
And life which do accompany green fields,
The hum of insects, songs of birds, fair skies,
Glorious sun-risings, rosy evenings (calm

In their deep grandeur), renovated hopes
In human hearts, and smiling plenitude—
The winds and waters, in their solitudes
By pebbly shores or forests, and inquire
Of them their counsel, when each wave that leaps
Heav'nward, and rushes onward, speaks of power
Leagued with activity; while rivulets,
Pursuing their lone courses, fill the woods
With music, or refresh the sward, and tell
Of humble usefulness; and breezes come,
Like spirit-voices, through the foliage
Which wraps some shadowy scene, to give us health,
And talk of Providence and freedom.

Ye

Whose loved retreats have been the mountain tracks,
The banks of rivers, the untrodden brakes,
And shores of roaring oceans, know full well
The truth I sing—Nature's omnipotence
To lift a man above the valley's clod!
And will ye not, when stealing from the strife
Of wealth's mad votaries, by kindly speech,
Allure some soul to share your quiet joys—
To learn to love, forbear, and work out good?

Oh, teach these lessons—they make men like gods—
To all who know them not! And when the leaves
Are sere and scattered, and chill blasts proclaim
Approaching winter, and ye moralise,
'Mid desolation, on life's brevity
And human vanity, and, pensive, ~~view~~ *mark* /
The cold red sunset of an autumn eve,
The memory of your deeds, while angels smile,
Shall bring ye pleasures to which vain applause,
Or blood-stained trophies of fooled conquerors,
Are trifling as a moping idiot's dream.

REMORSE.

How dark is life ! how dreamy, man !
How full of change his little span
 Of care-encumbered time !
Griefs cloud our scene, and Reason sleeps,
While restless Passion flies or creeps
 To folly, or to crime.

'Tis but an hour, in memory's glance,
Since I, a child, by choice or chance,
 To guiltless pleasures ran ;
Yet boyhood's dream, and hopes which lit
My youth, are gone, and here I sit—
 A conscience-stricken man !

Father of all, accept the prayer
Of penitence ; thy rod forbear ;
 Bid me to wisdom wake ;
And, while my reason soars to light,
The sin removed from mortal sight,
 Forgive, for Jesus' sake !

SIGHING AND SINGING.

THE moiling of a sultry day is o'er;
A smiling sun sets calmly in the west;
Along the streets pale hirelings gladly pour—
The gay to revelries, the grave to rest.

But not for me are evenings of repose,
Or hours of rapture. Oh ! my life hath been
An effort to outrun relentless woes—
A hopeless wish the palm of peace to win !

Once, in the morn of life, my eye and ear
With joys were feasted ; for a father's love,
And power to teach, made all below appear
One fair, though faint, reflection from above.

But vain are hopes which wait on human breath;
Joy stealeth hours, and grief hath no redress;
My father trod the mystic vale of death,
And left me, lonely, in earth's wilderness,

Then winds, which once seemed music of a dream,
Came bearing shrieks of waters vexed to strife;
In skies, and men, and flowers, and glory's gleam,
I saw clouds, envy, poison, and the knife.

For, of my kindred, most had minds diseased—
Would work oppression and of pity speak—
Would tremble at the thought of being pleased,
And deemed no Christian *safe* who was not *weak*.

And sorrow for their shame impelled me forth,
Amid a city's solitude to mourn—
To bear the trading churl's capricious wrath—
The driveller's pity, and the jester's scorn.

Yet had I hope, that, with an honest aim,
Toil would bring all things vital to content;
And soon with each new morn fresh courage came,
And each returning eve in peace was spent.

No vain or dull pretence to skill or lore
Was theirs, who sought my home, with cheerful mien,
To reason high, or Art's clear depths explore
For beauties, only by the artist seen.

Ah, treacherous hours! bright, born to blind and flee!
Death forced, or Fame allured, my friends away;—
Hope lay a wreck on Trouble's shoreless sea;
And Fear screamed hoarsely at departing day!

And, since, my scene hath known but little change;
Whilst rudely clad, refinement's ills I've borne;
Unloved, though loving much, I, cheerless, range;
Wiser, yet sadder; fearless, yet forlorn.

* * * * *

These things are over, and their evil day
Is of the things which are not. I have *sung*,
Since then, the seasons in their loveliness
Of promise, fair maturity, soft wane,
And stern repose—have friendly faces known,
Which caught their pleasure from the pictured skies,
Or ocean's mirror, or the varied shades
Of inland verdure—heard of mighty deeds,

And meek humanity ; and learned how vain
And selfish 'tis to talk of one's brief woes
'Mid the world's gladness ; and, 'twas e'en but now,
That, wending homeward, I espied some boys,
Gathered around an ant-hill, on a bank
Where wild flowers flourished, and, tho' pensive, thought
Of days, when, in my childish recklessness,
From earliest dawn to shadowy eve I strayed
Through landscape luxuries, now chasing things
Of magic beauty through some gorse or stream,
And, then, reclining, listless, on the grass,
To gaze upon the far blue heavens, or smile
At my still triumph o'er the anxious few
Who missed me from the busy scene, whose noise,
Softened to music, came upon the breeze
To make my pleasure perfect—of the good
Which still remains for loving hearts which read
Aright the book of Nature ; and resolved,
Perhaps vainly, to record my *sighs* no more.

'TIS MIND THAT MAKES NOBILITY.

IN ancient times, when feudal state
Was all the untaught serf deemed great—
When tilts were won, where fair ones sate
 Rebuking imbecility—
When the stout arm was valued most,
And sturdy spirits power could boast
To rule a realm, or rout a host—
 Might seemed to be nobility.

And when, of chivalry grown tired,
The world with love of wealth was fired,
And brute strength in the arms expired
 Of cunning and servility,
The patient plodder, who could best
Resign his claim to peace and rest,
Got *gold*, or *rank*, and thus was blest
 With what looked like nobility.

But lawless force hath been laid low ;
Wealth's power must meet its overthrow ;
And Reason, rousing at the blow,
 Shall, by her grand fertility,
Plan greatly for the poor man's good ;
Prove humankind a brotherhood ;
And make it owned—*felt*—*understood*,
 That *blood* hath no nobility.

Look up, then, thou who art oppressed
By those whom fortune hath caressed—
Who have thy bosom oft distressed
 By slander or scurrility !
Learn all thou canst ; be Heaven adored ;
Keep faith ; whate'er the fates afford
Enjoy, and truckle to no lord ;—
 '*Tis MIND that makes nobility !*

A SUMMER'S EVENING MEDITATION.

LONG have I loved, thus, on a summer's eve,
When selfish strife seems distant, and thought dives
Into the voiceless mystery of things—
Visits the circling spheres, and burns to know
The hidden beauties of the universe,
To roam, all unmolested and alone,
Where waters ripple soft through rural haunts,
Whose every plant, in numbers gently sweet,
Speaks poesy, or beat bewildering tracks,
Where woodland solitude is seldom woken,
Save by the solitary nightbird's note,
And nought disturbs the intercourse between
Man and his God !

Oh ! at this golden hour,
Through the still witchery of much-loved scenes,

Full oft there comes an elevating gush
Of feeling o'er my heart, bidding me drink
That pure enjoyment at the fount of thought,
Which—though the world, in mockery, may laugh
At the assertion—is, to me, more dear
Than all that gold can give, or fame enjoy !

And 'twould be well if those, who rule the earth
With wealth or cunning, would come forth and gaze
On mountain, vale, and ocean, 'mid the calm
Of the hushed elements, when day's bright god
Makes his most gorgeous exit, and the tribes
Which hum his story o'er the stream, or rove
At will, and joy to think the tyrant gone,
Proclaim the meditative hour ; for, then,
The voice of Truth is pleasant, and the heart
Cons many lessons ; of sweet Love it learns
Mercy ; and hope of Heaven induces it
To call each man a brother ; and the breeze
Which cools our temples, and brings melody
And incense, banishes each narrow thought,
And whispers to the warring passions—‘ Peace.’

THE LABOURER'S LAMENT.

'Tis night. And now a dreary road
My weary feet must tread,
To find a comfortless abode,
And broken rest from cares, which goad
My heart with hunger's dread !

Little I ask—bread, which the soil
Doth, through my aid, produce,
And brief cessation from long toil :—
Then, keep, ye great, your “wine and oil”;
Ye better know their use.

But, oh, 'tis hard, amid much pain,
Life's *needful* things to lack,
Till hope becomes a galling chain,
To bind a spirit which would fain
Leave time's bewildering track !

Oft, when my babes soft Pity bring
To plead their right to food,
Fretted by Envy's fiery sting,
I wish myself some poor, rich thing,
By feeling ne'er subdued.

Father! in lenity, forgive
A longing thus impure;
Aid me still honestly to live,
Till Death, by his prerogative,
Brings succour—sad, but sure!

And, when my cot of crumbling clay
I leave for Heaven's pure light,
This thought shall cheer death's gloomy way:
"Truth must prevail, and reason sway,
And wrong give place to right!"

ALL THINGS ARE CHANGING.

ALL things are changing. Not more mutable
Can be the winds and waves than is the train
Of human thoughts and feelings—suitable
To joy or sadness—bearing peace or pain.
The varying passions, leagued in quest of gain,
Time's ready tools ! have devastated earth,
Chasing soft Quiet over hill and plain,
For ages—have borne all of mortal birth
From mirth to misery—from misery to mirth !

Childhood will ope at morn a smiling eye,
And quench ere eve the glowing orb in tears ;
Youth spurns the past, nor knows *futurity*
Will dim *its* brightness with the rust of years ;
Manhood is rife with change it hopes or fears—

With grief for friendships riven by the faults
Of others, or ourselves—for the cold sneers
Of bitterest foes, at which the spirit halts,
Perchance 'mid gay pursuits, to arm 'gainst foul assaults.

Age, which we call “the calm that ends life's storm—
The tomb of hopes unfounded,” or, “the goal
Of bright success,” though it assumes the form
Of rest, lacks the reality. Each knoll
Urges the soul still onward, with control
Strange, stern, unlimited ; and wakes the thought
Of a last hour, when weeping ones condole
With those departing—when things Care hath bought
With years of toil—wealth, wisdom, friends, and fame—
are nought.

But hush ! 'tis Conscience speaks ! attend her voice :
“ Why dost thou murmur ? Oh, it is not just
To ask variety, and long rejoice
In its possession ; then, no longer trust
Its giver, God, because each pleasure's gust
Grows less ; nor canst thou know by Reason's aid
That, hadst thou power to re-form thy dust,
Thou wouldest will aught away which He hath made,
Who, at creation's dawn, his plan, well pleased, surveyed.

“ And, though the cities of the earth lie heaped
Upon the desert, or beneath the wave,
Or in deep caverns—though of those who 've steeped
Their swords in blood, for glory, none could save
Their names from obloquy, or that deep grave,
Oblivion—though sublunary joys,
With all which mortals weakly prize, or crave,
Must pass and perish, yet—kind Death destroys
Their needfulness; we look on Heaven, and deem them
toys.”

HOPE AND SLEEP.

To smooth life's short but rugged way
Two angel guides are given :
Bright Hope, to cheer us on by day ;
Calm Sleep, to whisper, when we stay,
At ev'ning, airs of Heaven.

When mists almost obstruct our view,
And trouble's storms are loud,
Hope points to sunshine, peeping through
On some far prospect, fair and new,
Which care may never cloud.

And when Hope's mission hath its close,
And terror comes with night,
Sleep soothes our passions to repose,
Reproves our fears, repels our foes,
And brings us back to light.

TO A YOUNG LADY.

WHO HAD WORKED, UPON A PERFORATED CARD, THE
SENTENCE: "MEET ME IN HEAVEN."

So young, and hath thy heart, fear-struck at strife
Of human passions, beaten painfully?
Already dost thou ponder o'er the sod
Which hides loved kindred, whose long-sainted souls
Are seen by thee, amid thy daily cares,
As shadows, through the mist of memory?
Or doth thy thought so soon track Uriel-paths,¹
Feeling this earth is not our all, that thus
Thou dost remember Heaven? Or are these words,
So tastefully inwrought, chosen by thee
As a mere prettiness—a gentle phrase
Of delicate refinement? If thou 'rt sad
At marking man's low-mindedness—at seeing
His power's prostration, know, that every pang

Thou bearest may give nerve to act thy part
In life's great purpose—energy to seek
Earth's blessedness. If those thou loved'st most
Are gone, and every grave-mound seems to thee
A plunderer's lair, o'ercharged with his strange spoils,
And *unheard* voices, in complaining strains,
Bid thee shun mirth's allurements, and adorn
Thyself for Heaven—remember, life is brief,
Though dull, perchance, as a December day;
And, that, to work and wait, in the meek strength
Of patience, till the Voice which made and called
Earth "good" gives rest, is wise. If knowledge cheers
And great example leads thee, and thou knowest
To shun the errors of well-meaning men
Who have o'erlooked time's fairest things while seeking
The hidden wonders of eternity,
I give thee joy; but if Heaven is to thee
Only a power by which deep passion swears—
A place of which the many, whom much woe
Hath left unwise, say, oft and thoughtlessly,
"There we shall meet"—a something which adds grace
To woman's conversation—a soft dream,
Relieving stern reality,—beware
Of the weak heartlessness which trifling brings

On those who speak and think not; for each bud
Which opens at the first warm breath of spring—
Each leaf that rustles in the ruder ~~winds~~
Of autumn, ere it falls, to swell the mass
Of yellow carpeting, fit garniture
For holiest solitudes! ay, all which have
Existence, from the insect's egg, enclosed
In a frail web, beneath some little leaf,
To the still power of thought, proclaim—a life
Hereafter; and, that, few, false, short, and mean
Must be the pleasures in the worldling's lot,
Compared with his high joys who lives for all
Created things—feeds upon hopes which spring
From contemplation—loves earth's loveliness,
And sees, in mortals, immortality.



A WISH.

Oh, for a rural walk, at eve,
When noise and strife are sinking ;
Where quiet can my cares relieve ;
Where flowers are dew-drops drinking ;
While thought's still, sudden, solemn march
Brings beauteous things before me ;
And, high as is the welkin's arch,
Hang God and Nature o'er me !

TO A FORMER COMPANION.

In vain you tempt with empty show—
With tinsel splendour—useless toys ;
No more my frenzied fancies glow
'Mid thoughtless throngs and senseless noise !
My days I 've spent in listlessness,
My nights with wit, and wine, and song,
And wonder, now, how I could press
Such pleasures to my heart so long.

Oh ! danger lurks, in many shapes,
Where libertines fix Honour's price—
Where Virtue blushes while she apes,
With awkwardness, the tricks of Vice ;

For there weak recklessness looks strong—
There love of thought and truth grows less,
And *sentiment* but cloaks the wrong
Of crime-engendered callousness !

To force a smile amid disgust,
To feign a transport they ne'er feel,
To find no bosom they can trust—
No heart that wills another's weal,
Is the sad lot of those who seek
Pleasure beneath resplendent domes—
Who know not she can look and speak
Enchantingly in humble homes !

But happier they, who, led by choice
Or chance, can see, in moral worth,
Beauty—who hear in Nature's voice
Harmonies greater than of earth !
No reckless nights, no deedless days,
Which weaken thought and waste fair youth,
Know they to whom wild fancy's rays
Are lost amid the light of truth !

TO A DAISY.

SWEET flower! thy simple beauty ever hath
O'er me such influence that, e'en when thought
Flows peacefully, if found upon my path,
It doth occasion musings dark, though brought
Afar by cherished recollections. Taught,
By present pain, past pleasure's worth, I here
Linger, and call to mind seasons when, caught
By thy soft loveliness, a smile or tear
Depended upon *thee*, strange though it may appear.

Yes, flowerets, things of gay simplicity,
Were my most prized companions; and of all
Pure infantine pursuits, none was, to me,
So dear as daisy-gathering. I recall
Such pastimes, pleased; then sigh, and say, " How small—

How mean our recompense for cares which knit
Our brows so rigidly that they appal—
Almost ourselves!—on Fancy's wings to flit
Back, through youth's feverish years, to hours which hope
once lit!"

Yet would I, e'en now, greet thee with *deep* joy—
Would learn of thee *truths* beautiful and great.
All things are useful, even *thou*, a toy
For Nature's child; and He who did create
Thy being—who controls the sparrow's fate
Doth no unkindness: Virtue's fears will end
In bliss:—and when Hope's homicides debate
Whether earth hath real charms, we might defend
The fact by showing *thee*, sweet, constant, quiet friend!

I know that there are flowers of fairer face
And richer tint—the tulip, lily, rose,
And others, which have lent their names to grace
Earth's daughters: yet, thou only canst disclose—
And such as thou—the secret which aye goes
To the wronged heart's still depths: that we must learn
To live at peace with self—to bear our woes,
As meek things bear the blast, bending—to spurn
All vain display, and make the truth our sole concern.

TO THE RIVER LEA.²

WEARY and sad, I sit me down
Upon thy banks, sweet River Lea,
And wonder where the joys have flown
Which leave me thus, alone with thee !

Linked with the memory of thy name
Are thoughts of friends who early fled—
To boyhood's transitory fame
Were known, but now are with the dead.

Of others, whose *less* happy lot
Hath left them still on life's dull waste,
Without one spirit-cheering spot
To greet the eye, as on they haste.

And others, who, in Fortune's lap,
Are lulled to soft forgetfulness
Of miseries which, hourly, sap
The hopes of millions, in distress.

We were all *equal* once—but Time
Hath made us all *unequal* now :
Care, scorn, pride, envy, woe, or crime
Is in each heart, and on each brow !

How sad to think that, on this earth,
Of all our friends, few long remain—
That, from the moment of our birth,
Each pleasure's clouded by a pain !

Yet, could we present keep the thought
That Time is Virtue's steady friend—
Reck'ning life's brief afflictions nought,
And wisely living for its end—

Then might we smile at cherished scenes
And friendships, fading from the view,
And hear Faith whisper : “ It but means
That all *must change* for what is true.”

TO LIZZY.

DOETH it astonish thee that many meet
And gaze—profess to love—and part so soon,
While others, curiously calm, will greet,
And then, ere many wanings of the moon,
Be bound by strong affection? 'Tis not strange,
If conned aright. "True love takes root in reason;"
While *passion* doth th' unthinking crowd derange—
Suddenly—fiercely—and but for a season!
They truest love, who, ere they love, reflect;
They longest love, who, ere they love, esteem;
One word—look—act—*may* challenge high respect,
As beauty breaks forth with the sun's first beam;
But, in great hearts, the prize is oft deep hidden,
And we must *seek* it, or possession is forbidden.

LIFE'S SHADOWS.

LIFE's a day's journey—earth, a place
Where, in the cheerful morn, we find
The light of joy upon each face—
The shades of sorrow left behind.

And e'en when, midway, we entomb
Hopes immature, and memories sweet,
Some, strong in thought, may smile at gloom,
Then, gathered closer round their feet.

But when the heat of noon is o'er,
And cares from languor scarcely save,
Deep shadows, lying far before,
Darken our passage to the grave.

TO THE TUNEFUL POOR.

NOTING, as down the dreary vale of life,
With tottering steps, I take my toilsome way,
The wise with strong adversity at strife—
The weak of vain prosperity the prey,
Oft, leaning upon Love, my staff, I stay,
The sagest counsel which my little store
Of sad experience supplies to lay
Before some woe-bewildered brother, or
To sing, as now I would, to you, ye tuneful poor.

Lovingly bear it, that I thus assume
A teacher's occupation, and attend
My simple lesson. I would not, with gloom,
Or useless plaints, the young or old offend.
I 've found this world a strange but trusty friend;

And, though my head is grey, and restless care
Furrows my temples, yet, I would not end
My brief career without a smile to share
With those who still may find earth's morrows bright and
fair.

The poet's path is pleasant, though his feet
Are sometimes weary. Providence may deal
Him out a bitter portion : he may meet
Troubles which bow the spirit, but ne'er steel
The man to callousness which *seems* the weal
Of those who think not : and stern Want may press
On, with the foremost of his foes, and seal
Their prejudice who deem that ill's excess
Must mar his best resolves, and make his virtues less.

Yet, limited is penury's control
Over his spirit : faith in good is strong,
And evil's strength is weakness : and the soul
Which, by no deep thought nerved, but tutored long
By morbid sympathy, imagines wrong
In nature's plan would find it well to weigh
Good against evil—to forsake the throng
Of idle murmurers who but delay
The justice which they ask, and their own cause betray.

Though "poor and needy," ne'er repine to see
The heartless prosper: they may have the meed
Of diligence, *their* virtue; as, to ye
Fit recompense is meted. Do ye *need*
The perishing possessions which do feed
The fool's imagination? Have ye not
A nobler heritage, in thoughts which lead
The spirit into regions where your lot [cot?
Looks blessed—where good deeds grace e'en the peasant's

Not all are *here* rewarded. Statesmen miss
The power they merit; patriots, their blaze
Of glory; traders, wealth; or lack the bliss
These promised: but the kiss of Peace still stays
The drooping heart of Virtue; and *his* praise,
Who strives, 'mid grief, love, hope, and virtuous shame,
To raise the mental ruin he surveys,
Is certain, though no record hath his name
And great imaginings, to give to future fame.

His praise, or peace, is sure. The many shun
Or injure him, perchance; but his galled pride
A wife, who by his thoughtful brow was won,
To pity calms; or a few thinking, tried,
True friends he hath, who, when the reckless tide

Of burning thought would bear him to the brink
Of madness, soothe him ; or, should fortune chide
All from his presence, he may calmly *think*
Amid such scenes as make the soulless dullard shrink.

These things remember :—He who moulds the tear
That trickles o'er the cheek, withholds the good
For which ye weep ; and it is sin to fear,
Since, ever, vainly have weak mortals stood
Against his wise behests. Your plaining mood
Exchange for exultation—Truth hath burst
Her fetters : o'er the past no longer brood,
For there is reason to rejoice : the thirst
For knowledge grows, and men no longer deem man curst !

Oh, could my utterance but make ye *feel*
That they of little wealth may most enjoy ;
That they of *much* oft find gold's good unreal ;
That in the poet's cup there's least to cloy ;
That sighs increase what courage should destroy—
Oppression's power, and poverty's distress ;
Then, themes of triumph would your harps employ
Till servants heard enlightened lords confess
That mind could level all, yet make no good man less.

But, I may err, in tiring, thus, your ears
With my poor cogitations. Oh, forgive
An aged man, who in truth's cause appears
While he may have a few short hours to live !
Who sees, with pain, the honest labourer grieve,
Or marks, with gratitude, his cheerful smile ;
And, hoping thought ere long will much achieve,
Hears meek Faith whisper : " Yet a little while,
And man shall see the fall of selfishness and guile ! "

AFTER EXCITEMENT.

WHEN lawless pleasure meets its doom—

When maddened mirth hath spent its noise,
Then, longs the spirit, in its gloom,
For quiet hours, or calmer joys.

Give me, when twilight shadows screen

Coy Wisdom from the world's rude stare,
A noiseless nook, where I, unseen,
May sit, and sing, and smile at care.

Or let me chat with learned friend

Of temples, pictures, books, hills, bowers,
Cheerful and warm, while wind-gusts send
Against my window sleety showers.

Or give me, 'mid the tempest's scream
And wide commotion, to survey
Woods withered, through which lightnings gleam
Whence, in wild scenes, they wildly play.

Or let me, in the tranquil glow
Of sunrise, on some favourite height,
Before that Being humbly bow
Who called creation into light.

In pleasures such as these thought fills
With peace the over-anxious breast,
Or the loud voice of nature stills
The spirit's murmurs—all is rest.

And when, from active joys removed,
Old age hath nothing but the past,
Such recollections will have proved
The purest, brightest, greatest—last !

TO A BUTTERFLY.

STAY, pretty wanderer, stay, and tell,
While resting on that bright bluebell,
How thou dost pass thy transitory life !
Say, doth there dwell among thy race
Those ruthless enemies who chase
Away from man soft peace,—care, toil, and strife ?

Man wastes his energies in vain :
He strives substantial good to gain,
And when he thinks to grasp it, lo ! 'tis air !
Instead of this, in field, or bower,
Thou realisest, every hour,
Unsullied bliss ; nor time for thought canst spare.

E'en now thou 'rt hastening away,
Impatient at my joyless lay ;—

Brave is thy flight, though fragile is thy wing !

In truth, thy wisdom best may be—

To laugh at care—to welcome glee,

And, fearless, quaff the joys each hour may bring.

TO JOE CARTWRIGHT.

DEAR Cartwright! as along life's vale,
Through changing scenes, we press,
'Tis wise to hope, when storms prevail,
And sunshine, with its sweets, to hail
With easy thankfulness.

When dreamy girls, or scheming dames,
Would occupy the breast,
We 'll smile at Fancy's darts and flames,
Yet own pure, gentle, *woman's* claims
To share our tear or jest.

While Glory throws her fools their fees,
And gaping crowds admire,
We 'll laugh at dupes of all degrees,
Or lose, 'mong books, brooks, flowers, and trees,
Our pity and our ire.

When misers steal, at curfew-toll,
To watch, and waste, and weep,
We 'll talk of intellect's control—
Of Fielding's wit, and Wordsworth's soul,²
Or *sing* our cares to sleep.

And when, fatigued, we turn aside
T'ward our eternal rest,
We will not murmur at the pride
Of younger souls, who onward stride
At mind's supreme behest,

But, while, with gratitude, we pause,
Hurrah! them, ere they 've passed,
And give, to Art and Freedom's cause,
Of all our wishes, and applause,
The warmest and the last.

SONNET.

MAN was not made for misery ; yet, some
 There are whom much oppression hath made dumb
 In Virtue's service—who forget their cry
 For “right and liberty,” and fear to come
 To feasts of hope and reason. Oh, lift high
 Your heads, ye wronged, deliverance is nigh !
 Tyrants are trembling !³ Error's trammels fall,
 Like broken threads around us ! Such as sigh
 Shall sing for joy ! and such as think wealth all
 That's worth wise care, shall hasten forth and call
 Nature and Truth to teach them ; till the hour
 Of the plebeian's might shall not appal—
 Till, seeing beauty in a star, or flower,
 They wonder at “new heavens,” and feel a “new earth's”
 power !

DIDACTIC?

MISER ! who, in hoarded treasure,
Vainly anxious, wouldst confide,
Know, a larger lasting measure
Virtue doth of good provide !
Why should fear of want assail thee ?
Bread is given, and water's sure :—
What will unused gold avail thee ?
Will it past the grave endure ?

Aspirant ! whom Fame doth beckon,
Through much strife, to prospects fair,
Higher than thy hopes, we reckon
Such as Wisdom whispereth are !
Reputation is a bubble ;
Reason bringeth solid good ;

With a name come toil and trouble ;
Peace seeks humble sisterhood.

Idler ! active courage wanting
'Gainst the ills which have annoyed thee,
Still, on misery descanting,
Crying " No man hath employed me !"
They must want who will not labour ;
Action hath no time for fear ;
Joy attends not " pipe and tabor ;"
Purpose high, alone, can cheer.

Mourner ! who, by adverse waters,
Hang'st thy harp upon the willows—
Lone, and sad, as Judah's daughters,
When they wept by Babel's billows—
Scenes deformed, thou, pensive, viewest
In a stream of troubled gloom ;
Yet, all softest, fairest, truest,
Brightest, things around thee bloom.

Oh ! shall Folly still enchain ye,
Children of immortal birth ?
She doth cherish thoughts which pain ye !
Wisdom makes a Heaven of earth !—

War with passions ! work for blessings !

Wait in hope till life shall cease !

Then, forgiven your transgressions,

Ye may go away in peace !

SONG.

WHEN, sad, we've lingered, loath to break
Soft trammels which entwine us,
And leave of tearful beauty take,
While hopes to fears consign us,
Oh ! as the mute "Remember this!"
From dewy eyes is darting,
Could aught console us like the kiss
We give and get at parting ?

And when the fair one 's far away,
And we are left lamenting—
When hope springs forth to brighter day,
While doubt remains dissenting,
How true, though transient, is the bliss
We gain, while tears are starting,
From recollections of the kiss
We gave and got at parting !

TERRA ET COELUM.

BROTHER—in life's alert campaign, art thou
Obliged to pitch thy tent where poverty
Engenders vice, venality, and woe?
Hast thou e'en sighed for riches or renown?
And, missing what thou aim'd'st at, hast thou read
Of resignation, and yet felt it not?
And thus, through all thy weeping, weary way—
Thine enterprising, disappointed path,
Hath Fortune played thee foul, and worried thee?—
She is a wily gamester, and the world
Speaks of her shameless trickery, but then,
In heaven, thou know'st, her name is Providence,
And, He, who into its existence hurled
The whirling universe, directs each step
She takes, while wandering in the ways of men.
Gold's glitter fades; Renown is nothingness;

Possession's disappointment; and the chase
Of maniac ambition hath no end:
And thy last solitary hour may come
And find thee pillow'd peacefully on hope,
And Death, with voice as calm, and soft, and sweet,
As evening gales which murmur promises
Of bright to-morrows, happy and serene,
May bid thee take thy guerdon, and, Oh! then—
“Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard, nor hath
It entered at the heart of man, what God,
In kindness, hath prepared for those who love him!”

W.A.R.

“ **KILL**, kill ! bid husbands die that wives may weep !
Teach sons and daughters hate and curses ! tear
Babes from the breast for vultures ! spoil ! destroy !
Till waste and slaughter force affrighted realms
To shriek your fame !”—Thus do the war-dogs howl.

Friends of the free in spirit, folly’s foes,
Denizens of the world of intellect,
Virtue’s applauders, lovers of all power
In meekness, advocates of truth,—whate’er
The land ye tread, the air ye breathe—to you,
At this grand era,⁴ I, a simple bard,
Weak in resources, only strong in love,
Urge my brief plea—the might of gentleness !

Ye’re not your own. All things which vice can sink
Or virtue raise have part in ye,—the plant

Ye rear and care for, and all-potent mind,
Which lives but by ye, with ye, for ye.—Oh !
Will ye forego your high vocation's end,
Though your inauguration be of Heaven,
And suffer murderous error to sweep on,
Unchecked, unmarked, because the gaudy fiend,
Fashion, strews dazzling baubles on its path ?
“ Vengeance !” the cities shout ; and wisdom seeks
A home with contemplation, in the shade :
“ War !” and destruction roars till echo gives
To fairest solitudes the ugliness
Of strife, and not a rood but bears of blood
Some fearful token. And who, blotting out
The law, “ Thou shalt *not* kill,” give God the lie,
And goad us on to murder ? earth's *real* lords,
The tillers of the soil—art's thoughtful sons,
Whose hands are powerful, whose hearts are brave,
Or brainless *nobles*, who, too seldom seen,
Too often heard of, pass their useless years
In plotting our confusion—who exclaim,
“ *Die for thy country*,” while *they live for self* ?
Oh, we are scorned by slaves, whose scope of wit
Is but the cunning of an idiot !

And *should* we brook that princes—things, perchance,
Which neither heed nor know us—idly spend
The purchase of our strength on bickerings
Bred of vague humours, or, while, galled, we feed
The doubly-vile dependant, avarice,
Cry, “Danger!” in the safest days of peace,
And mock us with pretences? Striplings, born
To strut in feathers, and abuse the word
“Courage,” till, tired of toys, they fret themselves
Into their graves, forgiven and forgotten,
Or grey-beard courtiers, shaking feeble heads,
May smile at our long effort to oppose
This strange oppression, and pronounce us fools;
But we are armed with knowledge, nerve, and faith—
Are rich, though wretched—daring, though despised;
And, led by justice, must at length prevail!

Let them cry “Might is right!”—the might is *ours*!
Believe this paradox, or doubt my tale.

“Beneath a lowly roof, around a hearth
Cheerful, though homely, gathered in grave talk,
A little group of labourers are cheating
Their leisure moments of monotony.

Plying her evening care, the housewife treads
With cautious silence, stopping oft, to peer
Into the countenance of one calm man,
Who, seemingly absorbed by other themes,
Hath marked their argument, and, taking up
Its broken thread, now leads them through the maze
Of feeling, on to pure benevolence.—
He reasons high, until the cottage clock
Concludes the conference; then, shaking hands,
Wishes his poor disciples a good night,
Closes the door, and sits, to muse again.

“ And now a new day’s dawn is brightly breaking,
And old employments claim the waking cares
Of struggling millions. In a smithy’s gloom,
Moving among their trade’s rough implements,
A band of men, already at their toil,
Improve the hour, while richer mortals rest
From mean debauchery or sage debate.
Standing before a forge’s fitful glare,
The fireside teacher of last night pursues
His dingy calling; with an action quick
And steady, moulds the metal to his will;
And, pausing not,—save once, when, in swift showers,

Sparks from the anvil spread about the scene,
To shut up in his brain some sudden hint
For subsequent reflection—doth appear
Bent on unceasing labour.

“ Weeks and months
Have passed ; and that poor blacksmith is the guest
And glory of the nations.⁵ Monarchs hear,
With wonder, his meek mission ; and the shouts
Of hoping myriads, from each shore which bounds
The broad Atlantic, tell the selfish few
That all the people praise him ; for he speaks
The still sublimity of that one thought
Which is his being—*universal peace*—
Till scarce a loving wish that 's borne above
But with it bears for him some ardent prayer.”

And such, with few exceptions, was the course
Of dauntless genius in *every* age :
The wise are nurtured in the lap of care ;
The strong of heart are from the school of toil ;
The peaceful are the strong ; and gentleness
Aye marks the mighty arm or giant soul.
And shall we, traitors to the holy cause

Which hath upheld us, hear the paltry lie
With patience, which holds *passion* forth as power—
Calls *riches, birth, or rank* “acknowledged right,”
And talks of *sweet* revenge?—say, injured honour!

War!—’Tis the knave’s resource, the madman’s joy,
The sage’s grief, the outcast’s sepulchre,
The widow’s curse—the great abomination!
It beggars hope, makes charity a jest,
Mars beauty, ministers to ignorance,
And trifles with existence! But the voice
Which rules its fate is yours! Ye know its crimes—
Act as for Heaven, before posterity!
Ask not, like cowards, *liberty* to love,
But calmly, firmly say, “*We’ll fight no more:*”
Then, while around our standard, bold, ye crowd,
Cry, “God for freedom, harmony, and truth!”

TEARS.

MAN hath been likened to a flower,
A budding, fading, fragile thing ;
And tears, methinks, are like the shower
From which its bloom or bane may spring.

As rain-drops from the bud will glide,
Which, closed to ill, no damps destroy,
Tears seldom with *young* hearts abide—
They open but to Love and Joy.

And, as upon the full-blown flower
Refreshing moistures longer rest,
Griefs, at a man's maturer hour,
Chastening, sink deeper in the breast.

But, as the rain-storm never spares
The loveliest leaf when past its day,
So, wasting sorrow ever bears
The aged and the weak away.

SONG.

THE north wind blew bleak, and the waters rolled slowly
Upon the bare beach where the widowed one stood
And heard the spent tempest—her ear inclined lowly—
Pour forth dirge-like howlings across the dark flood.

They 'd parted in sorrow. He 'd promised to greet her
Before the sun set, when no more they would sever.
She startled—his corse on a wave came to meet her ;—
They met for a moment, then—parted for ever !

SONG.

WEARY, wakeful, sad, and weeping,
Through the cold night's lengthened gloom,
I, unwelcome watch still keeping,
Ponder o'er my hapless doom.

Oh, the fair of whom I'm dreaming
Thus, distraught, was void of guile !
How could I, her love misdeeming,
On her sorrows look and smile ?

Spirits, o'er her tomb lamenting,
Hear my dirge without disdain ;
Keen remorse's pangs preventing,
Grant me pity—ease my pain !

SONG.

SEEKING forgetfulness of the dull past,
Vainly regretting bright moments ne'er last,
Loathing the darkness, and longing for light—
Thus do I greet the day—thus pass the night !

Envyng happiness, blinded by tears,
Sighing for freedom, but fettered by fears,
Longing for darkness, and loathing the light—
Thus do I pass the day—thus greet the night !

MORNING.

STILLNESS—and solitude—and mystery.
No sound—no moving form. Passion and Peace,
Both, cradled by Death's solemn sister, Sleep.
Nor night; nor day. Shapes, undefined, half looming
Through the dun, star-besprinkled, twilight.—Hush!
Nature is faintly smiling, like a child
That dreams of joy to which ere long 'twill wake.

* * * * *

The dawn hath broke!—'tis morn! the lower edge
Of yonder rising cloud is fringed with gold!
The East's in flames! see, see, the day-god comes!
Oh, in what majesty! hail gorgeous power!
Heaven's witness of earth's bliss! man's hope! Time's
glory!

* * * * *

Now all is mirth. The light is on fresh lawns,
And dew-bespangled flowers, and lovely lakes
In which blue skies are mirrored—making sport
With shadows, among glens, and shrubberies,
And hedgerows, far away, adown the slope
From whose green summit I survey them. Birds,
In merry outbursts, fling upon the breeze
Their minstrelsy; and, hark! from the lone village
Embosomed in yon valley, girt by woods
Whose foliage, in fantastic masses, breaks
The bright horizon, comes the clarion shrill
Of the gay house-cock, bringing welcome thoughts
Of cottage homes, where the stout serf, whose axe
Rings in the neighbouring thicket, and the maid,
Who passed but now, with milken beverage,
Humming her rustic ditty,—and their kind—
Dwell on, in peace.

How beautiful is life
To such as walk with quiet through their course!
Here, oft as this enchanting hour returns,
Would I forget the strife which steals our rest—
The vague ambition which makes time a dream!

THE BEE AND THE BUTTERFLY.

A lowly flower, whose lovely hue
Might be, or pink, or white, or blue,
Stood blooming in a garden fair
Where bees and butterflies repair.

A labouring Bee had stopped to greet
The beauteous thing, and ask its sweet;
And, beside pleasure, had supposed
Profit would come, when summer closed.

A painted Butterfly—that way
As, roaming wide, he chanced to stray—
Abrupt and rude, addressed the Bee
With: “Friend, you’ll leave that flower to me!”

“To thee?” the Bee, incensed, replied,
“How small thy wit! how great thy pride,

To think it, sir ! go, take thy flight,
As is thy wont, from morn till night,
On idle visits to the scenes
Where dwell thy Emperors and Queens,
And, to their giddy followers, show
Thine arrogance and tinsel's glow !”

The Butterfly felt foolish, and—
Finding thus answered his demand—
Replies, with less pomp expressed
Himself:—“ Beg pardon ; 'twas a jest :
Your careful skill I much admire,
And praise you for 't ; and praise the sire
Who taught it you ; yet, wonder *how*,
Or *why* ;—where are *his* earnings now ?—
It is, methinks, a fond conceit
That wealth can make us happy !—‘ Meet ’
You 'll say ‘ is *competence* : ’—yet, know
That wealth's possession 's but its show ;
For riches to themselves take wings ;
And sages say : ‘ Deceitful things
Are they, and, hence, we trust them not ;
Nor will we value, at a jot,
Gold's glitter.’—Why, then, waste your strength

In hoarding that which may at length—
Nay, *must*—become some spoiler's? *Now*
Should be the time for bliss, I trow!
We should *the present* grasp, nor *think*
About *to-morrow's* meat and drink!
Come! leave your labour, and, with me,
Go, rambling wild, and far, and free,
Nor, longer, drudge away the day,
While round the fields I flit and play."

"Enough, Sir Butterfly!" the Bee
Rejoined—"thy volubility
Is great; but that I *always* knew:
The hackneyed observation's true:
'They who talk most'—thou know'st the rest;
To me *toil's* life—life but a *jest*
To thee:—we shall, apart, do best."

The Flower,—the cause of the dispute—
Who hitherto had been a mute
Spectator, now essayed to speak;
Reasoning thus, in accents meek:
"The end proposed is happiness.
The *means* are various. *Excess*

Should be avoided.—Though we find
The many always of one mind
Upon this point, that, ‘good to gain,
We must scorn pleasure, or scorn pain,’
Th’ assertion seems to me untrue;
And so I ’ll, without more ado,
Since each dependence seems to place
Upon *its truth*, just state your case.”

“ You, Master Butterfly,” she said—
But lo! the Butterfly had fled!—
And, as his flight had quashed the quarrel,
The Flower finished with this moral :

“ *Labour* is good, if not abused
Through avarice: *pleasure* infused
Into life’s cup, gives it a zest:
Yet, *all* of *either* is not best.
In other words, we wisely say:
‘A time to work—a time to play.’ ”

N O T E S.



N O T E S.

Page 13, line 2.

With the Athenian orator.

Demosthenes is here supposed to be dead: an anachronism: he must have been still living in exile at the time of *Alexander's* death.

Page 13, line 8.

*Lone, on a spot to Pallas sacred, stood
Her storied fane, &c.*

I have presumed that the tomb of Achilles was in the vicinity of a temple to Minerva, or Pallas, upon the site of the ancient city of Troy, or thereabouts, because, Alexander, after crossing the Hellespont, immediately went up to Ilium, to sacrifice to the goddess, and honour the hero's grave. Was the *ancient* temple still standing? had that been destroyed, eight hundred

and fifty years before, and another built in its stead? was no temple at all remaining, there, at the time? or was a new temple in existence, but not in the vicinity of the tomb, and neither of them exactly upon the site of the famous city? I am not scholar enough to decide. At all events, when Troy was taken, two hundred and fifty years *after* the visit which I have endeavoured, in this poem, to commemorate, there was, in the city, a temple to Minerva, because we are told that Fimbria burnt it, with all those who had taken sanctuary within its walls.

Page 19, line 15.

*The Stagirite had fed the prince's soul
With stories of rough battle and brave deeds.*

I am not quite sure that Aristotle had much to do with making Alexander a warrior. He revised and corrected a copy of the "Iliad" for him, it is true, and the prince always carried that copy about with him; but if his education had anything to do with his talents for war and his inclination to exercise them, it must, I think, have been that part of it which he derived from his earlier tutors.

Page 31, line 3.

'Neath varied gloom, in verdurous bowers, &c.

Those who are cognizant of the various and vague opinions

respecting the site of the Garden of Eden will excuse the somewhat misty description in these four lines.

¹ Page 65, line 5.

*Linked with the memory of thy name
Are thoughts of friends who early fled.*

The banks of this little river were the scenes of almost the only boyish sports which I can remember.

² Page 79, line 4.

*Of Fielding's wit, and Wordsworth's soul,
Or sing our cares to sleep.*

The author, and the gentleman addressed, were, for the time, occupied, chiefly, with Wordsworth's and Fielding's works, and a little music.

³ Page 80, line 7.

Tyrants are trembling.

Written when most of the thrones of Europe seemed to be tottering.

⁴ Page 87, line 11.

At this grand era.

Written during the general excitement caused by the Duke of Wellington's famous letter respecting our national defences. The feelings and opinions expressed in this poem have, since then, become somewhat modified.

⁵ Page 91, line 7.

Weeks and months

*Have passed; and that poor blacksmith is the guest
And glory of the nations.*

Perhaps, it is scarcely necessary to say, that this refers to Elihu Burritt, the American Blacksmith; many of my readers will remember the flattering reception which he met with in England, about the year 1846.

F I N I S.



